

THE GRAVE

a favorite song



I AM CHILLING BY THE GRAVE, KATE, BEHOLD
THIS MOUND OF EARTH A LONE EARTH TO ME

Arranged for the

PIANO FORTÉ

25
Gould & Bery N.Y.

BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON,
5 CORNHILL.
Sole Agent for the U.S. & Canada,
G. C. Sapp & Co., N.Y.

WILLIAM YOUNG

(PIANO FORTE)

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE
PRACTICE OF THE
PIANO FORTE

BY WILLIAM YOUNG

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1773.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE
PRACTICE OF THE
PIANO FORTE

BY WILLIAM YOUNG

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1773.

KATY DARLING

A favorite Song

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

BOSTON *published by* OLIVER DITSON *125 Washington St.*

ANDANTINO

CON ESPRESS.



Oh, they tell me thou art dead, Ka-ty Dar - ling, That thy smile I may never be -

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line is in G minor, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "Oh, they tell me thou art dead, Ka-ty Dar - ling, That thy smile I may never be -". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

hold! Did they tell thee I was false, Ka-ty Dar - ling, Or my love for thee had e'er grown

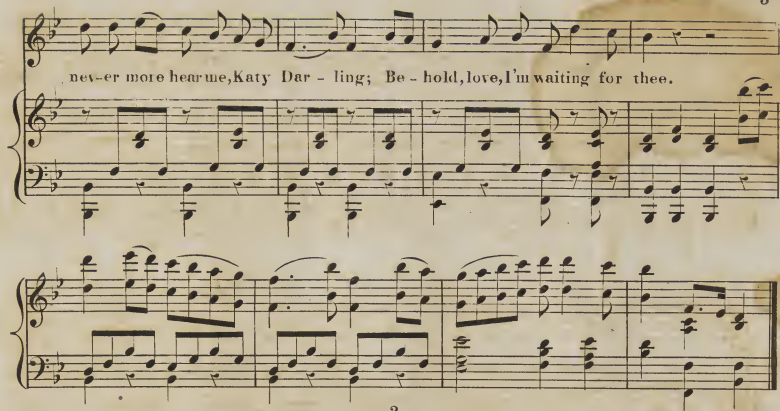
The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "hold! Did they tell thee I was false, Ka-ty Dar - ling, Or my love for thee had e'er grown". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes in the left hand.

cold? Oh they know not the lov - ing Of the hearts of E - rin's

sons; When a love like to thine Ka-ty Dar - ling, Is the goal to the race that he

runs. Oh, hear me, sweet 'Katy, For the wild flowers greet me, Katy
piu lento.

Dar - ling, And the love - birds are singing on each tree; Wilt thou



I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy Darling!
 This world is all a blank world to me!
 Oh, could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy Darling,
 Or think love I am sighing for thee;
 Oh, methinks the stars are weeping,
 By their soft and lambent light;
 And thy heart would be melting, Katy Darling,
 Could'st thou see thy lone Dermot this night.
 Oh listen, sweet Katy!
 For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy Darling,
 And the love birds are nest'ling in each tree;
 Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy Darling,
 Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee!

3

Tis useless all my weeping, Katy Darling!
 But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide;
 And that when my life be spent, Katy Darling,
 They will lay me down to rest by thy side.
 Oh a huge great grief I'm bearing,
 Though I scarce can heave a sigh;
 And I'll ever be dreaming, Katy Darling,
 Of thy love every day till I die.
 Farewell then, sweet Katy!
 For the wild flowers will blossom, Katy Darling,
 And the love birds will warble on each tree;
 But in heaven I shall meet thee, Katy Darling,
 For there, love, thou'rt waiting for me!

